

# SCIENCE MADE BRAIN NORMAL

## How Girl of Impish Impulse, in Young Womanhood a Thief, Has Been Permanently Restored to Moral Strength.

SCIENCE has reclaimed another person from the crime world, closed a chapter of wildness and converted an irresponsible into a human being of moral strength. In the awakening of Jeannie Gordon, through the professional ministrations of Dr. H. N. Rowell, a girl who was a runaway and later a thief has been restored to society. Her disturbed brain for years whirled her out of the domestic orbit and she was heading for state prison when the surgeon's knife and the mental healer saved her from herself.

SLIM shadow with a shock of tumbled brown hair and eyes that were lighted with a fever fire came up from out the parched grass at Sanchez cattle ranch, near Tia Juana, Mexico, one afternoon as the yellow sun's burning rays lay aslant the red mesa land.

The copper faced cowboys, sitting at the door of their shack, looked up with astonishment at the haggard little stranger. They saw a bare five feet of frailty in sad worn shoes and trousers, with wrists no bigger than two fingers, hands of a child and a face that didn't seem to belong to the rest of the shadow.

"Long way from home, sonny, ain't yuh?" asked one of the men, who had left a real name in the east and become "Poker Chip Charley" for cowpunching purposes, "and a bit hungry, too, I guess, eh?"

And without waiting for an answer they took the shadow in and seated it at a table and fed it all it could eat, which is a hospitality denied none in the land of longhorns.

A week thereafter the shadow lay upon a cot in the big ranch house, with a bandage about the temples and the delicate heart pumping so feebly that only the trained ear of a nurse, who had been brought up from Tia Juana, could hear it.

"How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, miss," said "Poker Chip Charley," "the youngster called himself the kid cowboy, and he wanted to hook a leg on the friskiest horse on the ranch just to show us what he could do. So, miss, we give in and put him aboard Dulce, which ain't no horse for a kid to ride, but he did ride him, the kid did. Never saw anything like it, but the kid went beyf enough to stick, Dulce bucked and the kid landed on the head."

Kid "Cowboy" a girl.

That night the boss of Sanchez ranch went out to the cowboys' shack with a bit of news. The kid cowboy was a girl, an innocent little runaway from the states. Her name was Jeannie Gordon.

Right here, as well as anywhere, the opening chapter of this girl's strange life may be told. It may be called the chapter of her moral sleep, as the other chapter is properly called that of her awakening.

Jeannie Vivien Claire Gordon—storybook sort of name, but rightfully

hers by birth and christening—became an orphan in her infancy. Her parents were West Virginians. They left the child in the care of a kind hearted nurse, who took her to California. When Jeannie had grown into knee-length pinafores Judge and Mrs. Lillian Barclay of Los Angeles took a liking to the bright-eyed little one and adopted her. They rechristened her Beesie Barclay and she took her place in their home as a daughter.

COOP ON HAREM SKIRT PLAN

Colorado Man Erects Fancy Chicken House on Pattern Introduced for Wife's New Dress.

Greeley, Colo.—When Mrs. Henry Coates returned this morning from a trip east she was surprised and delighted to find that her husband had constructed a fancy new chicken house during her absence. She told him that she was surprised and delighted to find that her husband had constructed a fancy new chicken house during her absence. She told him that she was surprised and delighted to find that her husband had constructed a fancy new chicken house during her absence.

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By the time she had grown into early teens she was seized with a stronger wanderlust. It would not let her rest. She seemed bewitched by the ever-moving light of some will-o'-the-wisp. Powerless to control herself, she fled one day to Long Beach, where in boy's clothes that she had contrived to borrow, she found work in a bowling alley. A police alarm was sent far and wide. The girl read it, but did not return.

A woman probation officer, much taken by the pretty child, discovered her disguise and she was taken back to Judge Barclay's home, and with a solicitude for her future they placed her under the kindly tutelage of the sisters at a convent.

Her brain having been set awirl in some strange way, and in its wild working having cast her out of the domestic orbit, she was now beyond control. She cut out the lock of a door that imprisoned her and, heedless of danger, she slid down a drainpipe from a third-story window and scaled the convent walls. Taking to the highway she reached the open country before dawn. She found a companion of her own years and sex and together, dressed as boys, they roamed through southern California, living as tramps and learning how to ride the slant-hipped ponies on the ranches like vaqueros.

Again the hand of authority fell upon the shoulders of the wayward child, and she was carried back under restraint to the home which she had abandoned.

The ingenuity of a mind keyed to the abnormal is more than a match for

she was out and roaming to the south in boy's clothes.

Then, as medico-criminal records have shown in other cases, the switch controlling the nerve wires of this girl's brain became set for a brief return to the normal. She changed absolutely. Those who did not know attributed it to the influence of tracts and such moral teachings as is given collectively to inmates of institutions, including jails. They were not aware that it was periodic, and quite incidental.

During this mental lull much of her gentleness and girlhood sweetness and charm for the time returned. Mr. Thurnherr, a young Berkeley business man, met and fell in love with her and made her his wife. Before they had returned from a brief honeymoon the switch was on again, intensifying her cunning and making her boldly criminal where before she had been cautious.

As Kleptomaniac.

One evening as he sat reading and she embroidered, he fell asleep; quick as a cat she slipped out of the house and into a neighbor's, where she stole some pretty articles of no use to herself.

"Where have you been, my dear?"

"The kid cowboy was a girl—a runaway."

asked the husband, waking as she returned.

"I just ran over to Mrs. —'s to show her my embroidery," she the quick reply. "She is anxious to work a pattern like it."

It was about this time when some silverware which she had stolen and buried was found, and the young wife was under arrest, that Dr. H. N. Rowell, who long had watched her career from a distance, slipped actively into her life. All the stories he had heard concerning her pointed to tendencies and gave confirmation to his suspicions that her abnormality was an incident that could be corrected.

Surgery Put to Work.

He made a plea for her probation and became her bondsman. With the consent of the authorities, as well as that of herself and her husband, he took the young woman—she is now only 22 years old—under his professional care.

Dr. Rowell's theory was that after the pressure on the brain was relieved, a systematic daily hypnotizing of his patient would cure her. Her sensitive subconscious mind was to be instructed to forget the past that had now ceased to be vital and turn toward the perfectly new future and all its possibilities.

Victory for Science.

The young woman recovered from the nervous shock of the operation in a darkened room, being rigorously treated for weeks along the lines of mental suggestion in which Dr. Rowell so firmly believed. She was afterward transferred to the country, where the same mental training was continued.

The result seems to be a totally new personality. Old friends of Mrs. Thurnherr, who knew the girl when she was a very handsome, slim, brown-eyed tomboy, hardly recognize this gentle, large-eyed, delicate young woman as the hoydenish girl they used to know.

At first it seemed as if the strenuous surgical and mental trial she had been through was to influence her but temporarily. But it is beginning to be evident that the old Jeannie Gordon is as dead as the little Barclay girl who ran away so many years ago in a ruffled apron and became a boy.

Mrs. Thurnherr is interested in things she never cared about before, never thought of or appeared to notice. Always strikingly pretty in a boyish way and with unusually beautiful, pleading hazel eyes, the young woman has an expression like that of a child taken to see the ocean for the first time—a sort of rapt wonder.

And now that the awakening has come after all these years, and the child of impish impulse and the girl whose brain reeled her always toward the vortex have ceased to exist, she remembers it as one recalls an ugly dream phantom.

"I am not the same girl at all," she says, with eyes that look straight into yours—eyes that are soft, honest, sincere. "It used to be so strange. I lived a nightmare—a wild, uncertain existence which was as bereft of orderly sequence as the jumble of impossible things through which we drift in unhappy dreams. Oh, how different it is since the change came. The world seems so much quieter, and now I can rest. Without half trying, I can be good like other people."—New York World.

Quits Chicks for Kittens.

York, Pa.—After accomplishing the commendable feat of hatching 13 chicks from as many eggs, a Plymouth Rock hen owned by James M. Cross deserted her brood and undertook to mother four baby kittens, which arrived on the same day.

The old cat had been given quarters close to the hen's nesting place and for four days the hen spent most of her time covering the kittens, driving away the mother cat whenever she appeared.

# SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 106 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEBROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

PREROGATIVE OF HER SEX

Bride Had But Exercised Recognized Privilege That Is Universally Granted.

A young couple had been courting for several years and the young man seemed to be in no hurry to marry. Finally, one day, he said:

"Sal, I canna marry thee."

"How's that?" asked she.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell thee what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that it's thee as has given me up I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think I've given thee up I can get all I want. So we'll have banns published and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee: 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? and thou must say: 'I will.' And when he says to me: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say: 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister asked the important question the man answered: "I will."

Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and she said: "I will."

"Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say 'I winna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—Mack's National Monthly.

IN THE COURTROOM.

She—Who are those young men with books under their arms?

He—Students. They are taking up the law.

She—What's that old man in the big chair back of the desk doing?

He—He's laying it down.

An Undefinable Definition.

A few days after school opened in the spring a teacher in a Brooklyn school was testing the members of one of her old classes on what they had remembered of the definitions she had taught them during the preceding term. Finally she asked the bright boy of the class this question:

"Now, Robert, tell me what a hypocrite is?"

"A hypocrite," replied Robert without hesitation, "is a kid w'at comes to school w'it a smile on his mug."

Distressing.

"Here is the account of a poor woman who lost both arms in a railroad wreck."

"It must be dreadful to go through life without any arms."

"Yes, indeed. And much worse for a woman than for a man."

"How is that?"

"Well, a woman without any arms can't reach around to feel if the back of her collar and the back of her belt are all right."

## EVIDENTLY SHE WAS ANNOYED

Good Wife's Punishment, Intended for Husband, Poor Compensation to Revivalist.

A popular revivalist had been hiding services at a town in Mississippi when a heavy rain came on, and he accepted an invitation to pass the night at the house of one of the townsmen. Observing the preacher's drenched clothing, the host brought out a suit of his own and sent his guest upstairs to don it.

The good man had made the change and was on his way back to the sitting room, when the woman of the house came out of another room, holding in her hands the big family Bible, out of which the minister was to be invited to read a chapter before the family went to bed.

She was not, however, in a very amiable frame of mind, for careful housewives are likely to be put out of sorts by the advent of unexpected company. Seeing the revivalist in his borrowed garments, she mistook him for her husband, and as he passed in front of her she lifted the book and brought it down sharply on his head. "There!" she exclaimed. "Take that for asking him to stayall night!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE LONG BOW.



Sharpe—Wilson says he stayed under water one day last summer for fifteen minutes.

Wise—Why, he must be amphibious.

Sharpe—No; he's a—well, I wouldn't like to say.

PIMPLES COVERED HIS BACK

"My troubles began along in the summer in the hottest weather and took the form of small eruptions and itching and a kind of smarting pain. It took me mostly all over my back and kept getting worse until finally my back was covered with a mass of pimples which would burn and itch at night so that I could hardly stand it. This condition kept getting worse and worse until my back was a solid mass of big sores which would break open and run. My underclothing would be a clot of blood."

"I tried various remedies and salves for nearly three years and I was not getting any benefit. It seemed I was in eternal misery and could not sleep on my back or lean on a chair. I was finally given a set of the Cuticura Remedies and inside of two weeks I could see and feel a great relief. I kept on using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and also the Resolvent, and in about three or four months' time my back was nearly cured and I felt like a new being. Now I am in good health and no sign of any skin diseases and I am fully satisfied that Cuticura Remedies are the best ever made for skin diseases. I would not be without them." (Signed) W. A. Armstrong, Corbin, Kan., May 26, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 27 K, Boston.

Ended Cat's Sojourn.

Felix Smith of Easton, Pa., bought a cat the other day. He paid \$5 for her. Why did Felix pay five bucks for the cat? Answer—Because she was guaranteed to be a good rat-ter. Did Felix have rats? We should say he did—the house was full of 'em! And the cat cleaned 'em out! No; that's the curious part of it. After the cat had been on the job a week the rats were as plentiful as ever. Felix couldn't understand it until one evening he concealed himself in the basement to watch the cat. About 9 p. m., as the cat sat with her eye on a rat hole, Felix says that rat after rat came out of the hole, walked up to the old cat, kissed her good-night, and then returned to the hole. After that Felix kicked the cat out of the house.—Boston Post.

Held the Records.

Two ladies seated at afternoon tea fell to discussing the prowess of their respective husbands.

After each had related several feats of endurance and hardihood, one of them remarked that her husband had on one occasion dived under the water and remained down for fully two minutes, without coming up to take breath.

"Oh," said the other, "that is nothing. My first husband dived below the water five years ago, and has not yet come up to breathe."

Leaving Him at Sea.

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor," echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I follered the wotter for 16 years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labors.

Her Method.

Mistress—Have you a reference? Bridget—Poine; oi held the poker over her till I got it.—Harper's Bazar.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package. See straight.

The art is to bring the state of mind bred of large thinking into the routine of life.—N. S. Shaler.

The fellow who simply sits down and hopes for the best is really hopeless.

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**Coca-Cola**

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5c Everywhere

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